

1978

Southwinds - Spring 1978

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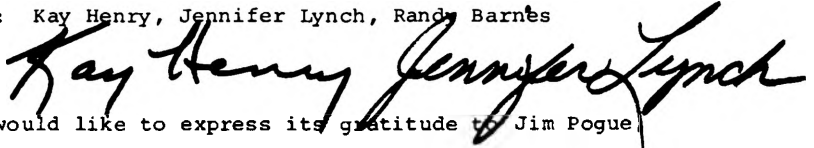
Southwinds



SOUTHWINDS

number seven / spring '78

editorial staff: Kay Henry, Jennifer Lynch, Randy Barnes

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Kay Henry Jennifer Lynch". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style and is positioned over the text of the editorial staff and the beginning of the thank-you paragraph.

The staff would like to express its gratitude to Jim Pogue, Nicholas Knight, and Adrian Daane for their continued support in the production of this magazine. We also wish to thank Bob Blaylock for technical assistance, Cynthia Callahan for typing the manuscript, and Jim Bogan for coordination and editorial advice.

cover design by Ray Morgan

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In Memory, Jack Boyd

He's dead, you told me
and dropped a stone in my pocket.
Seven times today I lost it
and went back to the same
place in the road and picked it up.

Scratched on the stone is a map;
I don't know where it goes.
And some words
I can't quite read.

Robert Greene

Dream Sonnet

The lake is rising and with it
everything under. In my dream
an ursine shape under the waves.

I locked the door.
It came out of the water.
The neighbors playing croquet

seemed not to see it.
I should open the door and tell them.

No. They are right to ignore it. It's
my dream and it's
my bear.

Still
and because of just that
I should open the door.

Robert Greene

He sings in the Kaw in Unsearchable August

Kaw fished the innumerable river
where the poem of longing lodged--
beast that inhabits currents, brown-rapid nuzzler,
poised in one medium, assured, no amphibian.
This river Kaw knew ran translucent sense,
sands at its banks mark the drift of its reason.

Vision angled at the shifting banks, the poet casts;
nights he throws bloodbait, days bright Hawaiian wigglers,
but always filaments, filaments casting.
The poem rides in the currents of dream,
on sandbeds where sense flows the same bed over,
ripples of longing suspend him in time.

Unseen in the baked brown of August noon,
sense is suspended in dream like sand,
like silt in the pull of the sliding Kaw.
Pungent in moonlight the fear-delving carp
exults in the murk of the sliding bottom.
His word banks clear air along the strewn beaches,
he enwreathes the sand in invisible tunes.

Wayne Pounds

The Golden Age

I.

Shah Jahan had no use
for the beauty of a mountain,
or the slow flowing grace
of a river at dawn

loved those flowers

slaves made
from topaz quartz or pearl inlay,
rubies and emeralds as blossoms on curved stems
winding up thru white marble,
a cold fragrance for any day

fashioning a city

no little task but no
argument against
his name for that geography
lavish buildings rose upon

"Shahjahanabad"/Old Delhi, Red Fort of quarried
sandstone's inner sanctum and ruling court:
Diwan-i-'Am, Diwan-i-Khass, Peacock Throne
no simple list

learned a lesson from old Tughlug
three hundred years before that if you move
the Common Man, not considering his past life . . .

(as Tughlug did when he shifted his capital south to
Dalatabad, across a desert in which over half the
population dropped down and were dead. 1327).

you bring that weight upon yourself.

The Shah tolerated poor Hindus, victimized now
nearly five hundred years, took beauties for his Harem
and dressed them in silk veils,
pining away over a river,
watching pageants unfold with dancing monkeys
and Tibetan bears, herds of elephants

parading

through this pinnacle of Moslem culture

staged for this man,

his Fate a part of each stone.

II.

Agra's Song
is the sadness

found in sunset's
dying glow, falling

like rain on domed roof
of Taj Mahal,

tomb for Mumtaz,
Shah Jahan's favorite wife,

bearing thirteen children
in a lifetime of devotion.

Evergreens clipped
to a man's height,

slightly bowed forward
as one must stand in mourning.

Pools of water reflect light,
reflect flowers in every season

like the blooming of Love
this man felt for his wife--

ordering the slaves
to twenty years of construction,

five million man-hours
near a river too often dry.

*

Agra's Song
is the sadness

of tempered beauty
against Time

White marble in a blue sky,
clouds riding

a river wind

III.

Imprisoned eight years
by his own son waging war,
Shah Jahan dies slowly
gazing out of a stark cell,
across the Yumna to his wife's tomb,
white and virgin pure.

Aurangzeb the General

wins the throne as his own,
proclaims power invincible
and begins the destruction
of Hindu temples and idols, reimposes
the poll-tax, dismisses them from public service
and discriminates in trading

Aurangzeb the Bigot

suspicious of every man, waged endless campaigns
against the smallest rebellion, from the Himalayas
to Madras, thus spending a lifetime
in military camps, away from the splendor

he killed his father to obtain /with Age more Paranoia

fighting,
hating,
at arms against everything

returned late to Delhi
after an absence of 20 years
and died there, depleted

as his treasuries had become, his armies
exhausted, palaces and mosques
in decay

Aurangzeb the Warrior

against the Will
of any Man, who deems it
his first right
to call God by any name

John Nelson

The evil eye is feared.

Eye of Evil
roaming widely
is feared in the flatland,
in crow flight at sunrise & spread hood
of rearing cobra
in dark chambers of old temples dark
even at noon
in the tilt of lonely sadhu
whose eyes were burned out
from seeing God
in summer sun

When the Sun's arc is low
and well water stale
the Evil Eye prospers,
lingers in long shadows
dwells upon funeral pyres giving
far too much smoke.

Children inside. Keep women at home & avoid them
when blood flows. Stay eye-sight away
from any carcass pile.
Go out at night only with companions
& talk to them.

The Evil Eye prospers
& darkness its ally.

Light the oil lamp before sundown.

Be afraid
at proper times

John Nelson

The Immortal

In a corner of Moor Market,
place synonomous
with sweet hashish
I didn't smoke there
is the old man who did,
does,
had just done when I saw him

wrapped up in red flowers
of three dazzling batiks,
totally uncaring
about the
Radiance
he gave
while sitting in gold sunlight

Pure tones of his spirit
flitting birdlike
in dark eyes
which looked at me
calmly, alien
tho' I was & bent on
seizing that Moment

when the sounds of the marketplace
were hushed by his colors,

and the very Sun itself
had acquiesced

into his Form

John Nelson











Ray Morgan

Portrait I.

the old man on the hill
settles back.

in his mind
fights the presence

of snow. Wants
to sow seeds

in ice.
I imagine

the chair
containing him

rocking impatiently.
the stone floor.

stained fingers
holding too short

cigarettes.
his red pointed

beard.

Randy Barnes

Portrait II. (The Cards)

"revolution serves to stabilize"
A.C.

wrapped in cloak
of wool

diaphanous

the Sphinx
without a secret

a matter
of calculations

Randy Barnes

Portrait III.

the Eye sees.

the Mind perceives.

the Hand
moves in strokes
 across the surface.

you look
perfectly

 changed.

Randy Barnes

Portrait IV.

I could know, in
leaving, how it stays, away
from hands that
destroy, how

in coming back, remains
in utter denseness, the
immensity, of itself, the ancient
rock

provides.

Randy Barnes

Portrait V. (The Blood)

that Time stays
becomes
 distance--

 How it sprang
from me, how you
came,
 a life
 How, the night
I left, that black ominous sky, that
night, you stayed, didn't know of roads,
of Signs
invoking

Will--
 How, in Time
we push forward
into moments, into
spheres of light

& dark
 How, in memory
the dream stays, the Will, the working
of it,
 the Work

is here, as you, tonight
you are here, as I am
bringing you out, in this

as both of us
are here, are here in my mind
to see, to sing of you

are here to laugh
 TO LAUGH

& forget

Randy Barnes

An Evening

The spider's tomb
is another edge
of the same light
that baffles my eyes
in their urge to see
through.

Fragments of image,
partial syllables,
float & whirl,
motes in the throat's storm,
hoping to fall into
some pattern that
sings.

The ink threading
through this grey pen
sews words on the page,
hemming
the ragged edges of my
silence.

The spider's tomb
is a granite ear
in the evening sky.
My children cry,
"The moon is out,
the moon is
out."

Eugene Warren

White Winter

Winter without Chinook break
and frozen rain still falls.
Dreams lie buried in a drift,
corners sticking out,
unable to move,
still frost, freezing mist.

Winter without Chinook and I lose myself.
Looking into grayness I become blind.
Light can penetrate fog,
can thrust a yellow handle just so far.
Its straight line diffuses just past my hands.

Winter without beginning
and I lie consumed by four white walls,
dry fire,
white panes,
white eyelet curtains,
lace eyes smooth white.
No shadows walk my walls
day after day before day;
nothing moves inside.

Denise Low



Suzi Alexander

Mathematics: First Day

1. Mathematics is not a coherent entity.
2. It's a vibrating body of strategy
emanating from within
curious & dissatisfied
human minds
driven to work
by incapability of achieving
desired ends.
3. Babylonians, Egyptians, Arabs, Greeks, Hindus, Jews,
Aztecs, Mayas, Incas, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Chinese,
Japanese, Germans have left evidence of going at it,
after something no body is satisfied has been found yet.
4. Universe doesn't provide mathematics.
Ocean doesn't provide mathematics,
nor sky, beasts, flowers, bushes.

Crows don't count & consider their caws,
nor graves cough up useable ways of dealing
with death's continual approach upon whatever's born.
5. All lessons beyond first
branch out in many directions, like
trees limbs
lungs capillaries
rivers tributaries
themes variations
hearts arteries & veins
you & those you've touched

& enter into a world too imprecise
for us to even operate in as others come at us
zealous with fragments of what emanates
from the center
in response
to what calls to it
from every angle.

Eric Chaet

Response to John Dalton

who, in 1880, wrote in A New System of Chemical Philosophy, " . . . we may conclude that the ultimate particles of all homogeneous bodies are perfectly alike in weight, figure, et cetera. In other words, every particle of water is like every other particle of water, every particle of hydrogen is like every other particle of hydrogen, et cetera."

Thanks. Bold thinking, John Dalton. These storms & rivers, oceans & streams, these tears & pools within me take note, come clearer among the throbbing waves of my brain.

Perhaps you were the first to conceive that idea so sharp! Yes or no, I thank you for yr notebook & flying pen, & care to clearly state yr culminating thought, yr sending it concise & developed to some body else, risking disillusion to reach thru the presses & piles of papers to be distributed, to others with desire, curiosity, & developed attentiveness.

One quarrel: tho you saw beyond the sphere that you were trained to see within, & built a bridge for others of us into a small, more precise realm than we are apt to enter by chance, as into rooms in which friends you have cultivated live--what makes that dimension ultimate? We are far from satisfied.

You stepped beyond yr circle, & I quickly move thru the hole y've caused, grateful, in awe, expectant. I don't appreciate finding you carefully drawing another circle merely of larger radius. There's no need for this insecure delimitation. We've scarcely assembled & come to ourselves, our equipment, our skills, & already may be certain every thing is not geometric. I see them, these modules the Greeks thought of, now interlocking in exact proportion. Beautiful, John: but don't I know & wouldn't you know too, John Dalton, if you were living & breathing & considering: there is so much that comes to us odd shaped & significant, heavier or gentler or more precise than all heretofore, from all directions. Or, when it's scarce, we seek it: in dreams, in walking sleep, or with greatly poised deliberation, observation, attention to detail.

Eric Chaet

On reading Caesar Vallejo's Poemas Humanos

The degraded, the ancient
elude me; the poverty my parents
still scrape from their skin.

I have ploughed no furrow
with my jawbone,
hammered out no hook
with my sledging fist.

Kid Thomas



Bill Katz

St. Francis County

Met my old man today
on Wachita Creek
where he bought property.

In the field
we step off boundaries,
limits.
On the creek-bluff
cedars perch
on the sandstone ledge,
curve out
and
up

Earlier,
he jumped a buck
and up it come
outa the field
and before high-tailing
turned back
to look.

Y.T.



Jeremy Dahl

The maid in the moon
wears a red bandana,
quietly
sits,
at her work,
her look
a river
on its way
to the sea.

Y.T.

Signs of Spring in the Ozarks and Phelps Counties, Missouri

Spotted by the natives of Maries, Dent, and Phelps Counties, Missouri
late February-early March 1978

Now I'm not going to claim "Spring is here!" which would be just too ornery an assertion what with the snow a foot deep again and Farmer Finch out at dawn dispensing bales of hay to feed the cows and the robins who graze right alongside the winter-crabby beasts. Can't fool me, it's still winter; but to the vigilant eye signals of Spring's encroachment surface in the behavior of the Earth, her animals, and people. Just last week I saw three morons canoeing down the Gasconade River during a snowstorm. The omen was not the snowstorm or the ice-floes, but the adventurous harbingers in the boat. One of those morons was me out looking for signs of Spring and here are some more:

A dandy lion in the schoolyard.
The kite.
The woodpile dwindles to knee level.
Plump red buds burst the tips of maple trees.
The cow gives milk again.
Kids without coats.
The Sun creeps towards the North in the evening.
Just sitting on the porch swing drinking beer.
The big melt.
"Impassable During High Water" signs mean business.
Mud.
Daylight nudges aside darkness.
Old George comes out of hibernation.
One eagle.
Two blue towels on a line.
Three sundogs glowing in the sky.
Four bluebirds.
Five geese flying East.
The snowtires are getting bald.
Winter wears off, as patches of brown earth rise from
a white landscape.
Looking forward to Spring.
Redwood patio decks displace woodstoves at Powell's hardware store.
Bucks shed their antlers and I want a haircut.
More: robins, bicyclers, runners, and enthusiasts of the
tennis and car washing persuasion.
Fresh beaver cuttings and new bird nests.
Early turtles out from their mud dormitories, but no snakes
or ticks — yet.
Realization of endurance.
A fit of house cleaning, especially the windows.

Junk gets jettisoned, out go the old almanacs.
Tire chains are rotated to the trunk.
Finally get the 1978 license plates on.
Soldiers drink purple martinis in honor of the return of
the Purple Martins, whether they show up or not.
Southwind.
Southwinds.
One ski broken and hoping "No more snow."
Ruts in the road: "Geeze, there's the road again. Beware
the potholes!"
Jonquils bloom in Oregon, the rumor goes.
Talk of Easter.
The snowman shrinks to a puddle, like the Wicked Witch of
the West, and leaves behind a crumpled hat and carrot.
Pipes stay thawed.
The full moon rises pink and peaceful; the Indians called it
"The Moon of the Melting Snow."
Two invisible meadowlarks sing to one another.
Calves with long white eyelashes are born and look around. . .

And at the tail end of the worst blizzard in twenty-five years,
as many cars in the ditch as on the icy road, the tollbooth
attendant on the Kansas turnpike tells me: "You'll be fishing
by the Fourth of July."

Postscript: On March 20, between 5:20 and 5:40 p.m. these
events occurred: A lightening bolt split the grey sky; thunder
roared a proclamation and shook the house; a big wind swept
cascades of rain in from the west; two deer cantered across
the soggy pasture, lingered at the edge of the dim wood, and
disappeared. The shower was over in ten minutes. The grass
freshened into green and birds whistled and sang. Spring
was right on cosmological time as the astronomers had measured
the Sun's migration north of the equator for 5:34 p.m.

And on the second full day of Spring a party of tourists
reported an early sign of summer: A dog sleeping in the middle
of a dusty road.

Jim Bogan



Vance Heflin

Flint and Flux

They call it Missouri,
They call it The Ozarks,
They call it Phelps County:
A game-board for their machinations,
The table of their mortal bounty.

As seen by Time, at large,
It's the skin of the Earth
Rubbed raw by the sky--
Abraded, corroded, corraded, eroded:
The land, like men, was born to die.

The hills are far-sighted,
And men eons too close:
They hoe and hurl the stones, the chert;
They tramp in the sticky red clay;
They think it's dead and theirs, inert.

But the chert is not possessed,
Except by Time, who reckons
Progress on the ragged abacus
Of flinty chunks and nodules, the waters
Counting off by primal calculus.

Through the ceaseless ages: rain.
Bedrock by the rasping rivers slain;
The land in vallied vivisection lain;
Resisting man will not obtain;
The resistless chert cannot abstain.

There is no resistance, nothing vain:

The chert,
The litter of the stony hills,
The patient populace of gravel bars,
The produce of destruction,
Born of water, returning to the womb,
The gritty clockwork running smooth.

Larry Stout

Fountain Bluff

for Charles Ives. Fugue: Andante Moderato of 4th Symphony

"You and I are part of a mountain range of men, women and youth that extend from North to South. It is imposing, it is a watchtower, a point of reference for many and almost immortal. Man's soul is embossed in lakes, ridges, precipices. Some who don't understand things too clearly have souls like small islands--something chaotic in their insides. There are others who have a structure of social and moral values, they have a mountain range in their souls. That's who we belong to." --Jorge Muñoz, arrested in Chile, to Gladys Marin

Up and down the small rollercoaster hills west of town then the sign says HILL and curving around and downward you sight the bluff in the distance. You passed a deer there once, but now you take the state highway south, as you behold millions of tons of immense green eruption rising from the valley floor. You sense, without words then, the presence of the archetype in the heart of the country, quartz dream and ozone source. Beyond the Boone family cemetery is the dirt road entrance into the bluff, indicated only by a wagonwheel with a few mailboxes. Along your exploring bent, the road follows some summerhouses, disused barns and the tarpaper ranger's shack by the clearflow spring, into the stillness of American origins. The horses watch as this stone silent forest flourishes you into an archaic earth, and the car scrapes the road, rock now, upwards. Swinging rightward to the ridge, below: the river drags its arc to the far horizon through green and yellow symphonies until the senses themselves expand and shear away like husks on every side. On this mass of vernal drive, kinetic fact: your drone collegiate life assumes its right scale, and you know at last, this fissured struggle was there before the schools, so a storm of choral color sings you to your future, over the thunderbird petroglyphs of the western bass.

Fred Whitehead

Quindaro Easter

North of the ghetto
the dirt road ruts to the old Black cemetery,
passes a stone ruin, strung out with trash
along a rotten creek. Then you wind upwards
to the emancipating air.

On a high swept wind hill over the Missouri River,
my cousin studies the homemade headstones of the poor
while I lie down in the young grass and forget for awhile
the basement where I weld all day.

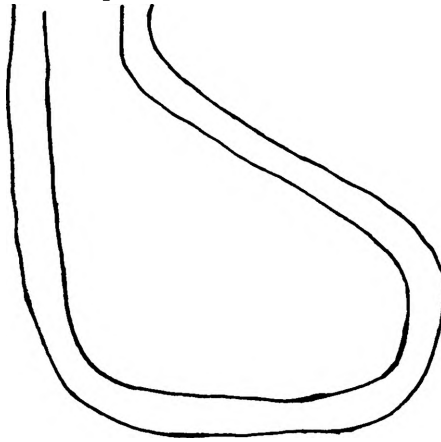
Back of me a mile, next to
the Frederick Douglass Hospital
stands a forgotten statue, nose-chipped:
John Brown, tree-trunk at his calf,
Prophet scroll in hand, guarding Kansas.
The inscription: "ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN BROWN BY A GRATEFUL PEOPLE."
He surveys Shenandoah overland.

Dead they are here, free at last:
the gazelle ark of their thwarted bones
thunders down the river valley,
stuns into oblivion the distant thrones.

Fred Whitehead

The Rope

The same rope
e that would
not reach th
e drowning c
hild was qui
te long enou
gh for the n
aked hangman



Douglas Wixson

Sitting quietly
alone
50 miles from
home
drinking coffee
in a truckstop
waiting
surrounded by wealth
contemplating poverty
of the spirit
comfortably
in the sanctuary
of the road
highways laced
with power lines
and poles
marking my way
along dotted white
line, life line
holding me
to my world
filled with holes
I fill
with miles
of blacktop
printed with hopes
that aren't allowed
in the prisons
we are conditioned
to live with
hands and heart
and mind tied
to bars made
of money and
petroleum lubricating
outdated assumptions
home of the brave
land of the free
all locked
behind bars stronger
than steel, breaking
hopes of those
caught like mice
in traps, fooled
was it worth it
I wonder
as I drain
my second cup.

Stan Beyer



J. N. Fleeman

You complain that words
are not your forte,
that sculpting magic phrases
is not a talent you can
put to the service of my vanity

But I shower you with words.
You—who ask no balm for your
ego other than my touch, my glance,
the things which are for you the
substance of love—you are pelted
with my love in form of words.
Blatant proof of my affection.

I bombard you with words,
I cover you with words,
I am never at a loss for words

Except when

in awestruck wonder
I reply-soundlessly-
to the eloquent language
of your mere presence

The poetry of your touch,
the magic lyric in your eyes
The perfect meter of your love.

Cynthia Callahan

A Defense of Lovers in Alleys
for Thomas McAfee

When lovers meet in alleys let them be.
The ripping wind is kinder to them there
than on the wide-mouthed harlot thoroughfare
that inland coaxes hurricanes from sea

and seaward tempts lost hearts. What cost to me
if lovers lie on cobblestones and swear
their secret oaths beside some cellar-stair
pungent with rot and rich in wet debris?

Better to bed with silverfish and flea,
squinting in murky light and musty air
than come together on the road somewhere
and walk away in freedom but unfree.

Always the loves that left me left me hard
whistling along the sunlit boulevard.

Margaret Menamin



Jeremy Dahl

On the Youthful Marriage of a Friend

I used to believe a man grew old by his own efforts.
But in truth, we are dry leaves on a road.
While the impatient among us race by in grey blurs
Toward some mysterious goal.
Dragging us through the years in their dizzying wake.
And we are allowed only a breath,
Before being caught again.

E. Clay Buchanan III

Technical Love

Think negative (-) me SQUAR
If count the days: 365^{88}
I can tell. (REPEAT)
I can tell.

Only know:
ILY.
ILY.
ILY.

Think positive (+) the stars
If count the ways: ∞
I cannot tell. (REPEAT)
I cannot tell.

Only know:
ILY.
ILY.
ILY.

Paul Johnson

Opening for Resident Poet

Professor preferred. Although
we do not grant degrees
in the frivolous arts
we are liberal to the aberrations
of our established faculty.

Must sound properly absent
and be able to read
in a scholarly and melancholy monotone.
Occasional interjections of humor
acceptable to awaken listeners.

Some eccentricities helpful
for sake of intervarsity reputation.
Beard essential (if male
and whoever heard of a resident poet
who wasn't?)

We pay minimum wage
under protest.
After all there are plenty of these loonies
looking for work.

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